

# Don't touch that dial, mister

With the prevalence of MP3s and modern breast implant technology, musical mammarys are only the next logical step in the digital music revolution



KELSEY  
TANASIUK

Some ladies, myself included, keep music very close to their hearts. However, as one employee of British think-tank BT futurology let slip, this statement can be taken to a whole new level. It's all speculation for now, but in 15 years, we may see what we all thought to be impossible, a creation that will become a staple to musically inclined women everywhere. Friends, countrywomen: meet the musical breast implant.

Aiming to put the fun back in funbags, these flexible microchips could sit inside the breast, one boob holding the MP3 player and its twin taking care of the entire music collection. The basic thought behind this creation is that, "If a woman has something implanted permanently, it might as well do something useful." They are also considering finding methods to implant mobile phones and PDAs as well—perhaps looking to bring a whole new twist to putting it on vibrate. There's even talk of installing a GPS navigation system that directs the way by vibration.

Now I know these eggheads work at a think-tank, but to think they don't realize what breast implants are really for is a bit surprising. This naturally leads to some interesting questions as well. For instance, you're probably wondering just how these MP3-filled ta-tas would be used. Would there be a set of headphones stored in your brand-spanking-new cleavage, or would fellow music addicts just shove their heads down your shirt for full surround-sound? And how exactly do you operate such an invention? A little

discreet fondling for song selection, with volume control just a nipple twist away no doubt.

Don't get too excited, fellas: that's not the way it works. In fact, the signals would be sent from one's plastic breasty-bits to a set of wireless headphones, all controlled by a panel on the wrist. Highly unimaginative if you ask me, but a social necessity at the same time. "Honest Officer! I was just adjusting her volume! It's my favourite song!"

**Another factor to consider would be that our natural gravitation towards smaller and sleeker technology might no longer be a good thing. Suddenly it would be a competition for who can pay for the biggest MP3 instead.**

However, I'm sure there will be a lot of downsides to technological advancements such as these. For instance, suppose the thing breaks. Suddenly you're faced with a problem: do you undergo surgery to get the thing replaced, or lose an expensive piece of hardware?

Furthermore, if the thing constantly breaks down (as new technology is bound to do), a girl would be expected to keep getting her chest sliced open in hopes that the next one won't be a lemon. Another problem is the matter of return policies. A customer couldn't possibly be allowed to replace an MP3 player free of charge if rough handling was involved. And, since an operation is involved there would have to be some form of risk assessment. For instance, women with

S&M fetishes would have to be barred from getting such an upgrade.

More importantly, this sort of technology can only develop a few different ways from here. After all, our society demands a constant stream of upgrades. Since pretty colours would be relatively out of the question due to the inside-the-body factor, would an iBoob Video be the next step up? According to BT's resident futurologist, another possibility would be "a cute organic display panel" that allows such options as "tailor[ing] their cleavage image to accessorize their clothes." This way, fashion-conscious technophiles never have to clash.

Just in case seeing the hot blonde with her top off isn't enough for you, you could watch clips of *Jackass* in her cleavage as well. However, such an innovation would inevitably cause problems for a lot of men. "Darling! I wasn't staring at your chest! I was watching *The Office!*" Another factor to consider would be that our natural gravitation towards smaller and sleeker technology might no longer be a good thing. Suddenly it would be a competition for who can pay for the biggest MP3 instead.

Finally, there's the issue of gender equality. Soon men would demand similar gadgets. But seeing as how most men don't strive to have large fleshy sacks of fat and glands hanging from their chests, there would be a serious issue in where to put these gadgets. I can't imagine a lot of guys wanting their manhoods prodded at with scalpels, but I'm sure some would be willing to give it a shot to show the other guys "who's the man." After all, in the pursuit of technological superiority, it's no pain, no gain.

Not being a man myself, it's hard to determine the feasibility of a Testicular Projection DVD Player with a plasma screen TV to boot—but not to worry, I'm sure science will get us there one day.

# Chicks dig the Radical Lesbian Feminism



PAUL  
KNOECHEL

*Radical Lesbian Feminism.* Just roll that over your tongue for a minute and let the awesomeness soak in. I mean, you have "radical," which is a direct synonym for cool and implies craziness and partying. You also have "lesbian"—and unless the Internet has been lying to me for all these years, lesbians are fuckin' wild. And while "feminism" on its own doesn't exactly excite the masses, put it all together and you've got an all-female environment featuring some hardcore slumber party pillow-fights.

It was a short while ago that I heard the term radical lesbian feminism, and after being struck at first by the sheer ass-kickery of the term, I gleaned all the information I could from my friend who happened to mention it in passing. While I missed some of the details on account of me trying to formulate some way to nail her, I eventually got the gist of it. Essentially, the ideology states that men are bad, and that women should go live in their own female-centric communities free from the patriarchy of society. Seeing the excellence of this idea, I'm now going to propose my own system of radical lesbian feminism that shouldn't only be followed, but made law.

The big question, of course, is why I as a man would want a system of all-female control and isolation. It's the same reason that I, as a borderline alcoholic, want a reinstatement of prohibition. Prohibition was a golden age for drinking. By making drinking illegal, it suddenly jumped about 30-points on the cool scale, and all the underground drinking establishments were full of the craziest parties the 20th century had ever seen—which

is saying something for the era that brought us raves and the box social. In the same way that prohibition gave drinking its due, a society of my brand of radical lesbian feminism would make heterosexuality cool once again.

The significance of my theory lies in the fact that it will create a total fracturing of society. The women will hold all the influential jobs, create all law and policy, and have men around the house more as pets than anything else. I know the original idea insists no men at all, but unless you want to take up the torch of genocide and give up every entertaining comedian, adjustments must be made.

Women will restructure everything as they see fit, and take lesbian partners, if only for the sake of appearances. Of course, many women won't be willing to follow this harsh doctrine, but be unable to oppose it in public because this will be law, not theory. What will result will be a whole underground of male-female relations. In the dead of the night there will be clandestine meetings of straight lovers, underground shops of heterosexual porn, and semi-attractive men will become a precious commodity for the wealthy straight women to brag about in discreet tones at their newly acquired country clubs. Plus, as an added benefit, it's been shown that frequent, public, lesbian make-out sessions can increase a country's GNR (gross national radness) by as much as 37 per cent.

Sadly, like prohibition, something this good won't last. There will be calls to legalize heterosexuality again, and women in power would eventually give in to reason (I'm speaking from a theoretical standpoint here though, having never witnessed something like that myself). But I think in the end, everyone will appreciate the other gender all the more, and that's what this is really about—it's definitely not about me wanting to be some rich woman's sex pet while watching chicks make out.

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## A correction from afar

In his column, "Power and company have nothing on these tools" (21 November), Ross Prusakowski wrote that "the Students' Administrative Council at the University of Toronto discovered that it owed \$1 million to the Canadian Federation of Students in unpaid fees." This is incorrect.

There was no "discovery" of this financial obligation. When the membership of SAC, now named the University of Toronto Students' Union, voted to join the Canadian Federation of Students in 2002, the Students' Union was fully aware of its responsibility to collect and remit membership fees. The fees owing were not just discovered; they were merely recorded on our financial statements.

Unfortunately, the Administration of the University of Toronto interfered in the Students' Union's democratic decision to join the Federation by refusing to collect the membership fee. Nevertheless, the Federation welcomed our Students' Union and, with great enthusiasm, our Students' Union has been both participating in the Federation and enjoying the benefits of membership.

Our Students' Union is aware that we have an obligation to take reasonable steps to pay our dues. After applying pressure, the University's administration conceded that it should have collected the

fees on our behalf; we have been remitting fees ever since. We must continue to negotiate with the University in regards to the uncollected, and therefore unpaid, fees. And so we will.

In summary, our Students' Union did not "discover" our financial obligation. The balance owing is not a surprise revelation. The real lesson arising from the situation is that we should all be concerned about the interference of University Administration in the affairs of Students' Unions.

For example, Prusakowski also cited situations in British Columbia—at the Simon Fraser Student Society and at the Douglas College Students' Union. Most troubling about those particular "debacles" is the extent to which the interference on the part of the institutions' administrations are either exacerbating or resulting in divisions among students.

The real "scandal" in such stories "from afar" is the disturbing trend of political interference on the part college and university administrations in the affairs of our student organizations.

RICK TELFER  
General Manager  
U of T Students' Union

## Seriously, I'm running out of Aladdin puns here

Ted Dykstra needs thicker skin (re: "Aladdin rubs the wrong way," 16 November). If indeed Aladdin has

received "rave reviews from across Canada," then he shouldn't be blowing a gasket about one bad review in a university newspaper; it's a rookie mistake and thus makes him look amateur. You take the good, you take the bad, you take them both and there you have ... well, you know the rest.

That being said, if you want to see a show this Christmas that specifically targets "mentally challenged university students", then go see *Mostly Water Theatre's XXXmas 2: Falalalala-lala-luck Off*. The poor things will get this one.

MATT STANTON  
Alumnus

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## LETTERS FROM THE ARCHIVES

### Rock and Roll will never die

It's not the case, in spite of what some influential folks want us to think, that everyone who is still under 30 automatically hip and has, by virtue of his age, special access to "what's happening" in the hip subculture. One becomes increasingly aware, in fact, that young people, no less than any other gullible group, are subject to overt manipulation with respect to their collective tastes in fashion, career, lifestyle and even in art.

Alas, it looks like another of us has been taken in. Ross Harvey, in his lengthy and glowing praise of *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, betrays not only a superficial understanding of that work, but worse, a thorough naïveté about the history and nature of rock music and about current trends in rock music. So far from being a turning point, so far from suggesting new and significant directions for the development of rock music, so far from being even the slightest bit visionary or inventive, *Jesus Christ, Superstar* is no more than another thoroughly predictable step in an already worn-out trend.

Although, in the trivial sense, *Superstar* is a first, [it's] conceptually

old-hat. There's nothing new about syntheses of different musical areas. There's nothing new about the specific synthesis of rock and classical music.

If *Superstar* is at all effective in this synthesis, which is at least questionable, then it at any rate is far from being the first such effective synthesis, as Mr Harvey suggests. Witness the work of Procol Harum and the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble, both of whom might legitimately be called inventive.

*Superstar* is but a boring sequel to The Who's *Tommy*, which, after all, was in itself an attempt to outdo the highbrow Beatles. But more important there is very little of the slightest artistic interest in *Superstar*. In short, *Superstar* is hype.

Apart from the almost inevitable triviality and superficiality of *Superstar* as an attempt to go the real innovators one better, *Superstar* is objectionable on extra-aesthetic grounds. Haven't we tolerated enough of these paternalistic and insulting attempts to make rock music appear "responsible" by associating it with more conventionally acceptable music? Rock music can be and often is "responsible music" just on its own.

I'll spend my rock-listening time with Dylan, Jesse Winchester, and some of the real blues singers, like Junior Wells.

JOEL RUDINOW  
3 December, 1970